

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

I walk down the Valley of Silence  
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone;  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As houses where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago I was weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;  
I carved what the world never gave;  
And I heard not the fall of a footstep  
Around me save God's and my own;  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is wrecked on the shores of the real.

And still did I pine for the perfect,  
And still found the false with the true;  
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,  
And I found the false with the true;  
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,  
And I found the false with the true.

And I found, heart-tired of the human,  
And I found, heart-tired of the human,  
Till I found long ago at an altar  
And heard a voice call me. Since then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?  
The myrting-place with the Divine,  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy  
And above me a voice said, "Be Mine!"  
And there rose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo—"My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?  
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,  
My tears are as sweet as the dewdrops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer like a perfume from censurers  
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim valley  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,  
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach,  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech,  
And I have had dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—  
Ah me! how my spirit is stirred!  
They were who holy virils on their soles,  
And their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the valley like virgins  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of that valley,  
Ye hearts that are hallowed by care?  
It lies far between mountains  
And God and his angels are there;  
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

—Father Ryan.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE ROBBERY AT THE HALL.

I don't know how often my new nephew Charles has asked me to write down my recollections of sundry episodes in my life. Of course I know well enough it is half chaff on his part when he says it is a pity the world should lose them; and I also know, when the subject was mooted to his father (my junior by just two years), he said, in his usual coarse way, "The old fool is concocted enough for anything." Let all this pass; Charles is my favorite nephew, and half-a-dozen idle words won't make me quarrel with my brother.

We belong to one of the oldest families in the kingdom. It appears that in 1476 a small grant of land was made to one Michael Stonnor for services rendered to Edward IV. during his French campaign. My ancestors must have been thrifty, for in 1640 it had grown large enough to attract the unwelcome attention of the Roundheads, who destroyed the mansion and appropriated what revenue they could. We came in again with Charles II., and my father succeeded to the estate with scarcely a break in the family tree. He, poor soul, was one of the finest men of his time; but his revered name's love of a good joke. I am sorry to say I have heard him tell story after story at the expense of his memory. One in particular, as showing how the split occurred between us and the Anstruthers, he narrates with great unction.

It appears that my father was very intimate with a young Edward Anstruther, who died while they were travelling together on the Continent. A visit of condolence to Anstruther Park followed, during which he walked round the famous picture-gallery with Sir George, and, stopped before one of the portraits, examined it with considerable emotion. At last, turning to his host, he said: "How happily the artist has caught poor Ned's winning smile." The picture was, unfortunately, a study for the head of Barabbas. Now whether the story is true or not (for my part I don't believe a word of it), it is certainly very bad taste for my brother

to repeat it. Alas! no ties protect you from a professional raconteur. Even I am not free! In the agonies of gout I am told I am enjoying one of the privileges of the head of the house; and the theft of the family plate, of which more hereafter, and other misfortunes, are made the subjects of so many standing jokes.

My father was not only a thorough gentleman of the old school, but in his day the handsomest man about town. I am told I strongly resemble him. This annoys my brother. Poor Robert! He is a good-looking enough man, but plain for a Stonnor.

Then again he belongs to what is called an advanced school of politicians, while the Stonnors from time immemorial have consistently supported the fine old bulwarks of the Constitution. I can give my adherence to neither of the present political parties, and have therefore repeatedly refused to represent my county in Parliament. Parliament, indeed! I should as soon think of being elected mayor, or provost, or beadle of a town as of being elected Member of Parliament nowadays. Not that I wish to shirk any political question. No. I don't wish to get rid of them as a worthy Scotch friend of mine disposes of the utterances of Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley. He calls them "fogs"—an honest enough confession of ignorance, but not one to be used by me. Oratory, too! Don't talk to me about the power of oratory. I know all about it. I have it myself. Many a time in my solitary rambles have tears come to my eyes at the words that have gushed from me on some of the burning topics of the day.

But I don't use this power simply because I happen to have it; it is not in a gentleman's province to do so. The same with writing; I have no scruples about it. The Stonnors have always been 'pretty ready with their pens. Why, my granduncle's 'Letters on the Times,' written after the model of Lord Chesterfield, and considered by some superior to his, had a European celebrity, and a well-preserved copy can be seen even now in most of the libraries of our country gentlemen.

No, I have no scruples. The great thing is to have something to write about; and, notwithstanding my brother's cynical remarks, it is not improbable that the personal recollections of a gentleman in my position, however fragmentary and disconnected, may be eagerly read by a select class of readers.

It is very odd that every little adventure that befalls me seems to afford him such amusement. The more unpleasant it happens to be the more he exaggerates it, twisting and turning the details till so many standing jokes are scored up against me, and I am thus compelled, in self-defence, to write true versions of them.

Questionable taste, to say the least of it, this holding up the head of the house to ridicule; but, as I said before, I will not be a party to an undignified quarrel; besides, at heart, I believe he has an honest affection for me.

Only the other day he kept my table in roars of laughter by narrating the story of the loss of the family plate. Why, he was himself partly the cause of it! It was he who persuaded me to hire a yacht, and if it had not been for that yacht, the misfortune would not have occurred.

He bothered me about a boat. My father kept one, and I ought not to let the custom drop. I could afford it, and he couldn't. Then it would be such a grand opportunity for his son Charles, the artist, to explore fresh sketching ground. Dr. Pascal, the traveller, who was staying with him at the time, backed him up by talking of ozone and iodine and the health-giving properties of salt air.

"Yes," said my brother, "our father went for his health, you know. He liked a yacht because it possessed such convenient capabilities for eating and sleeping. He would never take any one with him who was not a good sleeper. This was a *sine qua non*. You must be able to drop off at a moment's notice, like the fat boy in 'Pickwick.' After meals, during which I have no doubt he enlightened his guests on the general magnificence of the Stonnors, they would put up their legs without moving from their seats, and snore away till the next meal. He was musical in his sleep, too, and old Barton said, when he came back from a cruise with him, that 'Stonnor could blow his own trumpet, even in his sleep.'"

"Really, Robert," I said, "I don't think you need entertain Dr. Pascal with our father's peculiarities."

"Oh, but there is a better joke than that," he went on. "Do you know, Pascal, he took a sheep on board, that he might have a fresh kidney for breakfast every morning."

"Ah," laughed Pascal, "I suspect your father's physiological researches had been confined to poultry; but, joking apart, a sea trip would do your brother good."

"Look here, Peter," said Robert, "there is a rare chance for you just now. You can hire the *Erolie*, a forty-tonner, lying at her moorings in the Gareloch, all ready for sea. Be off, and show Charley the West Highlands."

"Well, well," I said at last, "don't bother me any more. Send Charles up to Scotland, and if he likes the craft we will try a cruise."

Four days later I joined my nephew on the Gareloch. What a lovely scene it was from the deck of our craft! Beautifully wooded hills on either side of us, here and there crowned with heather, and between them the sea all green and gold sparkling up for five or six miles till struck by a grand range of purple hills. These stretched right across the landscape, and were called "Argyle's Bowling Green."

"A curious name," I said to our skipper, Captain McCosh. "Is it possible that the Argyle family ever played bowls on such extremely rugged ground?"

"Oh, ay," he replied. "The Macadam More would mount you steep hill before breakfast and roll the big stanes down from the top—just for exercise, ye ken. You may see the rocks they hurried down to this very day lying all about the shores of Loch Gail and Loch Lomond."

Dear me, what Titans these old Scotch fellows must have been! I looked in vain, however, for any remains of their strongholds. Nothing to be seen but the most objectionable of pretty villas, with eagles and statues before the doors, the largest being a sort of Greek temple belonging to the Duke of Argyle himself.

We were amused at the eccentric behavior of some person sketching on the shore close by us: he would gaze bareheaded at the landscape, rush to his easel, dab on some paint, then fall back on the bank and gaze at the sky.

Suddenly he would rise and repeat the operation. We watched and watched, till at last Charles got so interested that we landed to see what he was doing. We found him in a sort of swoon: a young man with fair hair brushed straight back from his forehead, dreamy, blue eyes looking into vacancy, an aquiline nose, and a thin-lipped mouth.

"I beg your pardon," Charles began. "Who is it that speaks?" he said, jumping up. "Ah, gentlemen, it is I who should ask pardon; but my thoughts were far away."

"I see you are an artist," said my nephew, "and I thought perhaps you could give me some hints as to the subjects about here."

"I wish it was in my power to assist you," he replied; "but the fact is I am lately come from Germany, and am seeking sketching-ground myself. You are almost the first person I have spoken to."

"Well, I am sorry we have disturbed you."

"Not at all. It was kind of you to notice a stranger. Will you look at my work? The question is," he went on as he walked to his easel; "the question is whether you would paint the Seen or the Unseen? Look at this."

Charles looked puzzled.

"Bless my soul," I exclaimed, "it is a regiment of soldiers!"

"Exactly," he said, "a regiment of soldiers from the great cloud army. There they are clothed in blood red to do battle with the world. See how they overthrow the mountains, and blot them out from mortal eyes! See how they frown upon the waters! This is how I see a landscape—not as a copy of hill and water, but as a triumph of spiritualism over the material world!"

"I can't make it out," said Charles bluntly.

"I distinctly see the soldiers," said I.

"It is comforting to meet any one who has your perceptive faculty, sir," said the stranger to me. "Depend upon it, if you say of a landscape, 'How like the spot!' it is a bad picture, because the spiritual has been sacrificed to the material. The same also of a portrait. How easy to make it like by the accentuating some commonplace peculiarity. The true painter's aim should be, not only to show what traditions belong to him,

and what portent they have. You will pardon my rudeness," he continued, "but your face plainly speaks of a long history."

"You are right!" I answered. "Extraordinary as the guess is, you are perfectly right. I am the representative of one of the oldest families in Britain. The Stonnors, sir, date back to Edward the Fourth—a pretty long history!"

"It is, sir," he said, with a polite bow; "but there is no need of your assuring me of the fact. It is written on your face."

"I'll be hanged if I can make out how you can paint the 'Unseen' though!" said Charles.

"That is because the new light is too dazzling for your eye," replied the stranger; "but it will come. However, if you are fond of the 'Seen,' I have a folio of German sketches that would interest you. Will you honor me by looking at them?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Come and dine on board the *Erolie*, and we will inspect them during the long evening."

I liked this young fellow. There was a deferential air about him that was sadly missing in most young men of the present day. My nephew did not at first share in my admiration, but began to alter his opinion after looking at the drawings. They were distinctly different from what we had seen on the shore. Small literal transcripts of Dutch scenery, quaint figures, boats, buildings, all drawn with great skill and care, and all signed Edward Hansen. My nephew raved about their artistic merits, and talked German art with Hansen all the evening.

After this we saw a great deal of him. We were detained for provisions, and the young men sketched and fished together, till Charles, with his usual contradictory and impulsive way, took such a liking for the young German that he accompanied us on our cruise.

We had a happy time. We explored the Clyde Lochs, sailed round the Mull of Cantire, and saw most of the coast lately made famous by Mr. Black and Mr. Collin Hunter. Our skipper was invaluable. His memory was marvellous—no place of interest but what he knew every legend and story connected with it. He told us of the Piper of Duntroon, of Dancing Peter of Kilmahonaig, and of the strange sounds to be heard at Corrierecken. We had no need for guide-books. Hansen drank in these legends with avidity. He was a strange, gentle creature, thoroughly gentlemanlike and unselfish, making himself useful to my nephew and myself in a thousand little ways, till he became almost indispensable to our comfort.

We found out that he was in reduced circumstances, and I was glad to be able, at my nephew's suggestion, to purchase the folio of drawings. His fits of abstraction were absolutely painful to witness. They appeared also to be accompanied with considerable physical suffering, and at these times he would pace the deck for hours, refusing both food and drink.

I remembered when at Mull we were looking at Aros Castle from the sea when McCosh observed, "Yon's the rock where Maclaine slew his dochtter. Will I be tellin' ye about it? Weel, the Maclaines were always famous for their good looks; but this young lassie was the most beautiful cratur that was ever seen whatever. She was as graceful as a roe, or one of the siler brigs on Ben Lui. Peoples would come from all 'roon about just to look at her face, ye ken, and her lang yellow hair was the pride o' the country. The auld laird he was a proud, passionate man. He loved his dochtter, but he hated a Sassanach like pisin. Was it no unfortunate now that when he was awa' a young English spark should come to the island, and fall strecht off in love wi' bonnie Miss Ellen? She, puir thing, learned to love this stranger, and they used to whisper their vows yonder rock. But evil tongues did their work. The auld laird he returns all unbeknown to them, and finds Miss Ellen on the rock where she had just parted frae her lover. Ah, man, there was an awfu' scene! The laird he upbraided her, and vowed if she didn't gie up her English lover he would throw her into the water."

"Na' says she; 'I've plighted my troth, and a Maclaine never broke a vow.'"

"Then he asked her again, and she wadna. So he seized her yellow hair and swirled her round and round over his head, and drops her plump, plump into the water."

"Weel, Mr. Stonnor, after this nothing prospered with the laird. His sons were killed in battle; he lost his money abroad; his cattle died at home; at last the auld man came back to Aros just to die."

"Weel, sir, the morning of his death nothing would do but that he must be moved up to yonder window to look over the sea. And, lo! there upon the rock was seated puir Ellen, with her yellow hair all blowing in the wind. When the laird saw this he gave a great cry, and deed strecht off, and at the verra same moment Ellen's ghaist gave a groan, and jumped plump, plump into the water. The folks all say, sir, that she is to be seen to this verra day seated on yonder rock when any trouble is coming to the Maclaines."

"Curiously enough," I said, "there is a legend of a somewhat similar character attached to our family. The story goes that some time during the last century there was a certain Miss Lettice Stonnor who had offended her father in the same way as poor Ellen Maclaine, and was in consequence made a close prisoner by him in one of the rooms in Stonnor Hall. She was treated with so much harshness that at last she threw herself out of the window in despair. There used to be some story of a ghost, but not in my time. The room, however, remains untouched, and I can show it to you now. There is a curious old inscription carved in oak over the fireplace. It is worded thus: 'Your lettuce grows within the garden, but our Lettice buds in Paradise.'"

Poor Hansen listened spell-bound, and subsequently had an unusually severe fit of abstraction. So wretchedly ill did he look in the morning that I determined to speak to him.

"Mr. Stonnor," he said, grasping my hand, "the sympathy of a gentleman of your high position is one of the most precious comforts I have experienced. I am a most unfortunate person. You see how these legends affect me. The fact is, sir, I have the misfortune to be *en rapport* with the spiritual world. Why the mantle should have fallen upon me I cannot tell, but so it is, and the suffering it entails is dreadful. I believe I am the most powerful medium known. The manifestations that have been elicited through me in Germany have had the effect of ruining my health. The expenditure of odic force has rendered me as weak as an infant. I can no longer produce such sketches as those you have lately purchased from me. I flew from Germany to distract my thoughts, and to avoid being made use of by the spiritualists. In your society I have been happier; but still you see—I suffer."

"Is there anything, then," I asked, "in this Spiritualism?"

"Anything, Mr. Stonnor! Oh, I wish there was not!"

"I have always thought that it was lumbered by our learned men as humbug," he replied, sadly, "all the higher truths suffer from modern skepticism. But the position of spiritualism is very simple. We are acquainted with two classes of phenomena—one visible—such as day and night, the movements of planets and tides; the other mysterious, invisible, and unsolved—we call some of these electricity, galvanism, gravitation; but there still remains an abundance of powerful forces unknown and undeveloped."

"Perhaps, by and by, science may be able to explain it all?"

"I cannot tell, neither can I account for the manifestations. But surely there may be a higher and more subtle force than either electricity, light or heat? It may be invoked unconsciously, or the latent force may exist only in a few."

"You interest me; but of course I have not studied the—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you; but that is the very reason why your calm judgment would be invaluable. A great mind like yours—unfettered by study, and free from school traditions, that one has lain dormant in its strength—would bring a new light on the subject."

"I dare say I could do something toward elucidating it," I said. "The Stonnors have generally succeeded in what they undertake."

"I am sure of it," he replied, "and I feel relieved now that I have unburdened my mind to you."

This was the first of many conversations we had on the subject. My interest was aroused, not so much at spiritualism itself as at the knowledge of finding a power of philosophical reasoning within me which I had been hitherto aware of. One evening we

had a little seance. The manifestations were slight, but quite enough to convince me. He was especially pleased at my explanation of some of the phenomena. "We will pursue the subject," I said, "but in the mean time I should like to see you more cheerful."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### THE LATE B. D. PETTEGILL.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I took especial interest in the sketch of the late Benjamin Dean Pettengill, written by "Gurney," in the last issue of the paper. The sketch astonished me by its truthful representation of the characteristics of Mr. Pettengill. It is certainly very good and deservedly so.

I, however, think the writer was misinformed in one thing. This seems to be a mistake in the remark, "Art, whether in music, painting or literature, had no charm for him." I here simply refer to the art which includes painting, that being the one to which I believe I have some inclinations.

When I was a pupil of Mr. Pettengill I saw much which showed that he appreciated art, and, indeed, he had more artists' materials and pictures than any other teacher in the Institution save Mr. T. J. Trist, perhaps. In his closet, I found mathematical instruments, art and drawing books, colored crayons, water-colors, art plates, a lot of picture books and two large scrap books, both filled with colored pictures which he bought and arranged in the books all himself. I have always thought that he took delight in pictures, or that the colors had a pleasing effect upon him. Some of his selections were very beautiful, and I should be glad to possess them for my own book. He encouraged drawing among his pupils more than the other teachers, I believe. If not engaged at study or anything, he would pick out a picture and tell me to copy it on the large slate or on paper, whichever way I preferred. He frequently offered prizes to his pupils for drawings of merit. Once he gave twelve dollars to a pupil of his, who won it as a prize that had been promised by the drawing teacher, but which she never made good.

Now I should think when art has no charm for a man, he will not show half so much interest in it as Mr. Pettengill did. He tried to inspire his pupils with a love of art beauties. I shall always hold in grateful remembrance, the kind encouragement I received while under his instruction. As to the belief that he willfully ended his life, I have not the slightest faith in it. Is it not absurd to think that a sane man without family or pecuniary distress to make life miserable would go on the railroad and allow himself to be run over? The story is so incredible that I shall not attach any more importance to it here. A FORMER PUPIL OF MR. PETTEGILL.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1, 1887.

### Orange and Newark.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Lloyd and Miss Daisy Finn, of New York, visited Miss Finn in Orange, and spent one night with them. On Sunday, Misses Blaurock, Maggie and Daisy Finn, and Mrs. Lloyd went to see Mrs. Kinney in Newark. They found that she had lots of company. After supper, all of them went to the depot. They waved their handkerchiefs to Mrs. Lloyd and Daisy Finn, when they got in the train and went away.

Miss Mary Bennett, a deaf-mute, passed safely through a remarkable railroad accident last Monday.

The writer saw Misses Blaurock and Maggie Finn going to the fair in the Park Rink, Orange, N. J., last Thursday night.

Chief of Police Blaurock, father of Minnie Blaurock, brought Miss Williams to the Insane Asylum. His daughter, Minnie, had to go with them as she wanted her to make Miss Williams go there. Miss Williams is about fifty-four years of age. She will stay there till she dies.

Messrs. Bousfield, Ward and Cotter, left for Niagara Falls last Saturday night, and they returned home Sunday night.

Mrs. Ward went to Buffalo last July, and she expects to come home this month.

NEWARK, Oct. 3, '87.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

### ALBANY, N. Y.

At last, after many uncertain statements, in our former letters as to Albany, having started a movement towards organizing a society. We are able to put down here that it has become an established fact, and the society has now chosen its officers, who entered to do everything with their power to make it a success. The first meeting was held Thursday evening, September 29th, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President, W. G. Shanks; Vice-President, C. F. Mull; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Treasurer, C. Sparrow. Owing to the absence of the members it was deemed advisable to postpone the election of a committee till the next meeting. However, a temporary committee has been appointed to prepare a certain series of preambles and resolutions that will govern the meetings.

Thus it will be seen that after many doubts and obstacles, the way has been cleared for a brighter prospect to the mutes of Albany, who are now awakening from their long, solitary life. The society is to be governed under the same principles that govern other organized bodies, but not to such an extent. To whom the success of this undertaking is indebted we are unable to say, as all seem to conclude that one or the other did the best he or she could.

Among those present were the Misses Overton, Flynn, Warren, Malloy and Dugan; and Messrs. Sparrow, Sherwood, Sharkey, Held, Mull, Cutter, Flynn, Fogle, Smith and Shanks. Owing to the absence of the Secretary on his vacation, Mr. Sparrow was chosen temporary secretary. The meetings will be held weekly in the Parish House of St. Paul's Church for the present as temporary quarters until a suitable place can be found. Luckily this place is in the central part of the city, and every member has about an equal distance to traverse in order to reach it. So by this rare opportunity, we may hope to hear no excuses made on account of tardiness.

The members all seem jubilant at the good fortune that has come to them at last, and it only remains to be seen how we will get along, before we can claim ourselves thoroughly settled.

Mr. McLaughlin, of whose accident, we have chronicled in a former letter, is progressing slowly, and will soon be about again. Already there is talk of building a bridge over the deadly yard where this accident occurred, but there are two questions to be decided upon first, so a council of the railroad officers and village trustees was held. The first question discussed was the building of a bridge, seven hundred feet long and high enough for the tallest locomotive pipe to pass under, having a roadway sixty feet broad and a foot walk on each side six feet, making all seventy-two feet wide. The second was: If no bridge was to be built, then the officials were to station more flagmen along the whole length of the yard to make it more safe for crossing. Lastly, the railroad officials were given to understand that if the bridge were to be built, they were to pay for it all, as the village trustees would not let a cent be levied upon their treasury or tax bulletin. As a consequence the officials of the road are wrangling over these two questions, which would be the most saving, to build a bridge or employ more men. In our opinion, a bridge would be most preferable. And thus we hope to see one.

The defeat of the Scotch yacht in the race for the American Cup has at last put at rest all doubts as to the superiority of the American Marine Archeticts over British. Now that England has exhausted all her means of finding an expert builder both at home and in Scotland, why not try some of her other dominions, or do away with the cutter system and adopt the American centre-board system. Let the eagle screech a little louder.

There are rumors in the wind that there will be three silent weddings up this way, but as to whom the contracting couples are we are unable to say, and a community in which such a thing is to take place, always looks on the knights of the quill as a terror to their undertakings, so the consequence is, all remain as silent as a clam shell, whenever he gropes his way among them in an endeavor to get some news. With this, the commencement of our society. We may expect to furnish your readers a regular budget of news from the Capital of the Empire State.

ALBANY.

9-2-'87.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1887.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1023 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS recently took occasion to pass some very severe strictures upon the management of a certain institution for the deaf, because of the removal, without other apparent cause than their deafness, of a number of its officers and employees. One can hardly be too little faith in the capacity of the deaf as a class, certainly does not deserve to be at the head of an institution which only justifies its annual expense to the state by its promise to so educate the children placed in its care that they will be able to compete successfully in the struggle of life with those who can hear and speak. We think, however, that the present policy of a number of institutions is simply a natural outcome of the policy in the past of appointing deaf-mutes to positions out of charity and without regard to their ability to satisfactorily discharge the duties falling upon them. It is true that deafness does not prevent one from being a successful instructor of the deaf, it is equally true that deafness, in itself, does not make one such, and the principal who appoints to a position in his school a man who has nothing but this affliction to recommend him is really more deserving of censure than the one who, coming after him, finds a number of these incompetent people among his assistants, and, judging the class by the individual, falsely concludes that deaf-mutes are incompetent and makes a clean sweep of good and bad alike.

Charity and Justice seldom go together, and our deaf readers will be more likely to secure the latter if they refuse the former. Let them be as strongly opposed to discrimination against them, as they are to discrimination against them, and there is no doubt but that they will ultimately receive their dues.—*Silent World.*

THE above has reference to our criticism upon the policy of the present management of the Ohio Institution, in discharging a number of deaf-mute employees whose efficiency had not been questioned and has not been denied. There is some truth in it, and also a modicum of injustice towards the deaf-mutes as well as former Principals, inasmuch as the writer assumes that, on the one hand their affliction gained them their positions, and, on the other hand, that the appointing power disregarded their duties by lack of prudence in making appointments. There is an apparent effort to excuse the present injustice, on the score that probably in times gone by there was a leaning towards charity and the present "clean sweep" will only counterbalance it. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the foregoing hypothesis is correct, we are unable to see why the stamp of semi-approval should be set upon the unjust acts of the present incumbent of the superintendent's chair. Two wrongs do not make a right. In regard to the statement that those who tipped the balance toward the side of charity, are "really more deserving of censure" than those who sacrifice good and bad alike, we must enter an emphatic negative. Such logic is only practiced by savages and idolaters. The Indian belief is that if one of their band is killed, some white man must die also. Whether or not the white man who pays the penalty is guilty of causing the Indian's death, is a question not considered. To sacrifice a capable deaf-mute because another has shown a lack of ability, is opposed to all sense of justice. Again, it does not seem to occur to our contemporary that many incapable hearing persons are appointed to positions—not because they are afflicted with hearing, but through motives of charity and favor; therefore the superintendent should make "a clean sweep of good and bad alike," including himself, of course. To follow a line of policy only half way, proves that a prejudice must exist and has been exercised.

OUR readers will find in this issue a full description of the fatal accident to the late Benjamin Dean Pettengill, that will remove any suspicion of self-destruction. The incomplete statements of the sad affair, failed to specify that there were two trains running at great speed in opposite directions. It was understood that Mr. Pettengill had stepped to the track in front of an approaching train, but no mention was made of the fact that he did it to avoid a train that was coming towards him on another track and that his back was towards the train that killed him. We regret that any mistaken rumor should have gone abroad, and are glad of the opportunity to correct it.

# ITEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Tickets for St. Joseph's Union hall are out.

Mr. W. K. Chase will lecture before the Boston Society on October 12th.

Mr. Charles O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., has secured a position in the New York Custom House.

Rev. Elder Freeman, of Walnut Grove, Ala., is in Blountsville, visiting Mrs. Martha Griffin and family.

James W. Griffin, of Blountsville, Ala., will visit Gadsden next December, and expects to go to Talladega before Christmas.

The address of Rev. A. W. Mann, General Missionary to Deaf Mutes in the Mid-West and Northwest, is changed to Gambier, O.

Six men in the same department of the Chicago Post Office as Mr. Champion L. Buchan, works, were discharged. Mr. Buchan was retained.

Bernard Donnelly, the well known floor manager of numerous deaf-mute picnics and balls, in New York and Brooklyn was married last week to Miss Nellie O'Connell.

Brother De Sales, last year instructor of the Brooklyn Catholic deaf-mutes, has left the order of the Franciscan brothers and gone to study for the priesthood.

Messrs. Miles and Patten, of Blountsville, Ala., have commenced making brick for the New Court house, on Mr. Nathan Griffin's farm, in the northern part of that town.

Mrs. R. B. Lawrence (nee Miss M. E. Dearling, of Athens, Ga.) gave birth to a baby girl on the 25th ult. Mr. Lawrence is very happy over the event, and says the child is a little beauty.

Among the most important police officers at the recent State fair at Lincoln, Neb., might be mentioned H. W. Funk, the deaf-mute of this city, more generally known as "Dummy." He is said to have made a very efficient officer and had the faculty of attending strictly to his business without talking too much with his mouth.—*Ex.*

There are lots of stories about last year's ball of St. Joseph's Union of Brooklyn. One of them is this: Miss McNamara, of Union Street, Brooklyn, a graduate of St. Joseph's Institute, had for an escort, her brother, He is well versed in the sign language. At intermission they descended to Lyons, "The Plate Glass House," for supper where there was a big crowd of mutes. Miss McNamara wrote the order on a slip and her brother waited to see what the waiter would do. He received the order. Just then the head waiter came along and told the waiter to hurry as the stewards would be cold if left much longer. The waiter said "cold grub" is good enough for these chumps. The waiter jumped about four feet in the direction of the kitchen as the brother arose and said: "It ain't." The deaf-mutes arose that had excellent service.

Mr. Peter T. Homer, whose death was announced Saturday, was born in Boston February 22, 1804, and came of an old Boston family. It was in 1872 that Captain John Homer, the direct ancestor of Peter T. Homer, immigrated from Great Britain to Boston, being then twenty-five years of age and commander of a ship. He engaged in business here with Andrew Belcher, an eminent merchant, married Mary Stephens, and died in Boston November 1, 1877, leaving six sons and two daughters. The fifth son was Michael, born in 1803, who had four sons, of whom the eldest, William, born in 1827, was father of Joseph Warren Homer, whose eldest son was Peter T. Homer. For some years Peter T. Homer was engaged in the importation of dry goods, and was largely interested in rail roads and manufactures. But for over a quarter of a century he had been retired from active business. In 1846 Mr. Homer was the Democratic candidate for Congress in opposition to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who was re-elected. During Governor Andrew's third term, 1863, Mr. Homer served as councillor from the first district. Mr. George Homer, the well-known deaf-mute, was a brother of Peter T. Homer.

## SAVED BY HIS INFIRMITY.

A DEAF-MUTE MURDERER ACQUITTED WITHOUT A DEFENCE.  
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 29, 1887.—Peter McComb, a deaf-mute, who had never learned any form of sign language, and was almost utterly unable to communicate his defence to the Court, was acquitted on a charge of murder at Hopkinsville. John Cary was the victim, and the killing was clearly proved. The murder was caused by jealousy, and Cary was called out of bed and shot five times in the back. Four lawyers undertook the murderer's case, but beyond showing some scars on his person he was utterly unable to suggest a defence. His lawyers set up the plea of self-defence, and although this was ridiculed by the prosecution the deaf-mute was acquitted, his infirmity saving his life. Both he and his victim were colored.

## GREETING.

870 GRAND AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 28th, 1887.

TO MY DEAF-MUTE FRIENDS,  
"Home Again!" It is with great pleasure I write this note to you all. Having so many very dear friends in many states, I wish to tell them that I have returned to my home and to my native land well, after 4½ months' absence. I may, at some future date, tell them of some of the pleasing sights abroad, and yet I find no place like home, sweet home, and our loved America. God bless you all.

Lovingly,  
Mrs. Dr. E. M. GRAY.

## REV. J. CHAMBERLAIN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Saturday, Oct. 8th—Randolph, Mass., 7:30 p.m.  
Sunday, Oct. 9th—Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass., 12 m.  
Holy Communion, St. Peter's Church, Cambridgeport, Mass., 2 p.m. Worcester, 7:30 p.m.

## Jacques Loew to the Bar.

While I was going through the Court Calendar of Kings County a few days ago, my eyes came upon a case which will come up before the October term. The case is entitled "Patrick McGuirk against Leo Sonneborn, Jacques Loew and Morton Sonneborn." Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer is counsel for the defendants, while the law firm of J. T. Troy looks after the interests of Mr. McGuirk.

I will try and follow the case and let the readers of the JOURNAL know what this interesting case is about, in which two deaf-mutes, it seems, are made defendants.

Some time ago, I came across a Grand Army of the Republic man. He gave his name as James F. Kelly. He is now chief of Artillery of Brooklyn. While he was engaged in the battle between the Merrimac and Monitor he lost his hearing, but has since come into possession of this faculty in one ear. He told me that Major Anderson lost his hearing in the Fort Sumter engagement.

Yours as ever,  
W. A. BOND.

## The Gallaudet Home Excursion.

One of the correspondents of the JOURNAL said recently that he did not understand my report of the excursion to the Gallaudet Home, July 26th, and the general impression in some quarters seems to be that it was a failure financially. My excuse for the fund report—for I must confess it was not as clear as it might be—is that I was very tired, having worked harder, and spent more sleepless nights this summer than I ever did in the whole course of my life.

Now for the report of the excursion:

Whole receipts,	\$746 78
Expenses,	386 66
Clear profit,	\$360 12

With about twenty tickets yet to be heard from.

Now, for the Home, alarming rumors have been spread all over about it, but having been on the ground all summer and having all the bills in my hands, I can assure the readers of the JOURNAL that the Home is in no danger whatever of failing. We owe a little money, which we can easily raise and then pay off creditors. The whole trouble was caused by drinks, but the guilty ones have been removed. I had the old farmer escorted off the farm by the constable, and he is not at all likely to come back. All that is necessary now, is for every mute in New York State to stand shoulder to shoulder, raise money as fast as they can and send it to Mr. A. Barnes, Money Order Department, New York Post Office, or his treasurer, and he will send it to me, and I will do my utmost to use it economically.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

GALLAUDET HOME, Sept. 27, '87.

## Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee Fund.

BULLETIN No. 5.	
Received from Prof. G. A. Simpson's second contribution,	\$ 1 00
Friends, through G. A. Simpson's collection,	2 80
Geo. Homer, New Bedford, Mass.,	3 00
J. Wilkinson and friends, Fall River, Mass.,	4 05
J. R. Hines and friends, Waterbury, Conn.,	6 25
Mrs. H. G. Moody, East Rochester, N. H.,	4 00
Receipts previously acknowledged,	96 70
Grand total,	\$117 80
HENRY M. FAIRMAN, Treasurer.	
HARTFORD, Oct. 1, 1887.	

## Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

THE TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 66.

KENDALL GREEN, of Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, '87.

Received through W. S. Johnson, Talladega, Ala., collected by Miss Mary E. Toney, from

Junie Harwood, Uniontown, Ala.,	\$2 50
Mary C. Christian, " "	1 00
Ernest Harwood, " "	1 25
Percy Harwood, " "	1 25

Total new receipts,	6 00
Reported last week,	252 22
Total with treasurer,	258 22
Other cash assets,	7,057 07

Total cash assets,	\$7,315 29
Amos G. DRAPER, Treasurer.	

## From Newburgh, N. Y.

A deaf-mute young man hailing from Elmira, N. Y., by the name of Charles Park, has obtained work as an operator on overalls in the factory of Sweet, Orr & Co., of Newburgh. He says he was educated at Washington, D.C.

Mr. George Piano, of Garrison, was a witness at the court in Newburgh, in the case of assault committed by two persons in Garrison some times ago. The lawyers said he was the most important witness, that threw so much light and truth on the case. The examination lasted about 15 minutes.

The fat form and jolly face of the deaf-mute printer of the Newburgh Daily News has been missed from amongst our midst for several days past. He has been laid up with a bad cold in the head and throat. We are sorry to hear that, Charley.

The sister of a deaf-mute little girl by the name of Russell, that has been admitted to the school at Fanwood only last September, died recently of whooping cough.

Miss Sarah Edmonston expects to visit her relatives and friends in Brooklyn and Hoboken during the Thanksgiving week, but the writer is going to stay at home and darn the socks for her old man.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## A RAINY WEEK.

## THE FIT ELECTIONS.

## Odds and Ends.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The past week has been one of almost unvaried bad weather. It has rained a great deal, and when the rain ceased for a time, the city has been enveloped in a dense, choking fog, which penetrated every part of the building, covering floors, walls and ceilings with moisture, and, worst of all, working dire mischief to the binding of beloved books. Our favorite Horace had its well-worn covers badly warped, and our pet copy of Shakespeare is not much better off. Morning outdoors in such weather was of course out of the question, hence the chronicle of the past week will be confined to events which could happen indoors. So many preliminaries had to be settled during the week, however, that there is no dearth of news.

One of the oldest and most respected institutions connected with the college is the students' literary society—the "Lit," as it is affectionately termed. Its membership includes nearly every student in the college, and it wields a very great moral influence, over the entire college. It furnishes a great incentive to literary efforts, and to hold an office under it is considered one of the greatest honors to which a student can attain. No better proof of its usefulness is needed than the remark often made by graduates of the college, that they gained as much benefit from the "Lit," as from the college itself. On Friday evening, a meeting was held in the Lyceum, for the purpose of admitting new members and considering resignations. Seven new members were admitted, and only one resignation was received. On Saturday, the first regular monthly business meeting of the year was held. Considerable routine business was transacted, and the matter of the proposed amendment to the constitution limiting the eligibility of members to hold office was settled by the proposer very wisely withdrawing it. Its effect would have been conducive to anything but the prosperity of the society. The following board of officers was elected for the first term of the college year: President, Mr. Boland, '88; Vice-President, Mr. Charles, '89; Secretary, Mr. Long, '89; Treasurer, Mr. Tracy, '90; Librarian, Mr. Leitner, '90; Critic, Mr. Van Allen, '89.

The free and accepted members of the H. O. S. S. held a special convocation in the Lyceum, on Tuesday morning, and elected the following board of officers for the ensuing year: Grand Mogul, Mr. Boland, '88; First Consul, Mr. Charles, '89; Second Consul, Mr. Bush, '90; Grand Scribe, Mr. Goldberg, '88; Grand Donkey, Mr. Van Allen, '89; Stor Marskalk, Mr. Washburn, '90; Skrifvar, Mr. Long, '89; Lictors, Messrs. James, '89, and Henstreet, '89; Herald, Mr. Standacher, '89; Cerberus, Mr. Shney, '90; Banquet Committee, his honor the Cerberus, and Messrs. Schwartz, '89, and Hagerty, '90. The annual grand convocation of the order will be held in the new council chamber, next adjoining the old council chamber on the north, on Saturday evening, October 8th. All the members of the introductory class—that is, all except the young ladies—have presented their names as candidates for initiation into the sublime mysteries of the venerable order, which, old as it is, is yet as vigorous as in its early youth. The order establishes a bond of union between graduates which years seem only to strengthen, and very often an appeal to the fact that a person is a fellow graduate is not as strong as to the one that he is a fellow member of the H. O. S. S. Many a request, to our own knowledge, has been willingly granted, simply because it concluded with the words, "Yours in the fellowship of the almighty Hoss." May the order long flourish and ever widen its sphere of usefulness.

Although the baseball season is nearly over, and notwithstanding the fact that there will be no playing until next spring, the baseball club was reorganized last Saturday, by the election of the following officers: President, Mr. Goldberg, '88; Vice-President, Mr. Leitner, '90; Secretary, Mr. Beadell, '91; Treasurer, Mr. Washburn, '90; Manager, Mr. Long, '89; Scorer, Mr. Van Allen, '89. This year's very successful season has encouraged the players very much, and sufficient new material has come to the college this year to supply the places of all who have dropped out. When the baseball season begins, we will doubtless be able to put a very strong club in the field.

The art class has been reorganized for the year, and will be as heretofore under the instruction of Mr. A. D. Bryant. The faculty has announced that in the future conditioned students will not be permitted to join the art class. The faculty is inclined to think that the first duty of a student is to remove whatever conditions may have been imposed upon him, and it is thought that the three or four hours per week spent in the art class

can be much more profitably consumed in removing a condition. The Faculty feels that in the past it has been too lenient, in regard to the making up of conditions, and has frequently allowed them to be carried altogether too long.

This regulation is a good one, and a little vigorous dealing with conditioned men will tend to raise the standard of scholarship very much. The knowledge that in case of failure in examinations, the student can take his own time in making up, has not tended to give the students much concern as to passing examinations successfully. We have known a case, where a senior recited with the freshmen to make up a condition incurred four years before, and another case where a junior waited until he had passed his examination in physics before he removed a condition in natural philosophy, incurred in his examination for admission to the introductory class.

Last Sunday, Ephphatha Sunday School was reorganized with Dr. Gallaudet as superintendent and Prof. Hotchkiss as assistant superintendent. Under the new arrangement of classes, Prof. Fay takes the seniors and juniors, Prof. Chickering, the sophomores, Prof. Draper, the freshmen, Prof. Gordon, the young men of the introductory class, and Prof. Porter, the young ladies. Dr. Gallaudet expects to be absent during the greater portion of the fall term, but upon his return will take the seniors and the regular juniors. Next Sunday, the first concert of the year will be held, the subject being "Honor."

We are aware that considerable curiosity is felt by the numerous readers of the JOURNAL in the success of the young ladies, who have entered the introductory class of this college. We are sorry we cannot gratify this curiosity, for the simple reason that there is nothing to say. The young ladies have quietly taken the places assigned them, and have applied themselves to their lessons with a closeness which does them credit. The older students, with but few exceptions, are endeavoring to have nothing but the most thorough respect, and consideration shown these young ladies, whose position among entire strangers cannot but be embarrassing. It is hoped that the flippant remarks of irresponsible writers to school papers will not be regarded as expressing the general opinion of the students of our college.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Interest in football is unabated, and as soon as the weather is cool enough, practice will be begun. New goals of iron pipe will be erected, if possible, and the grounds put in fine condition. The daily papers announce the foundation of an organization called the East Capitol Football Club, and the Kendalls anticipate many pleasant contests with the new club.

Our janitor, Colvin, left last Friday, and his successor has entered upon his duties. The new janitor is unable to read or write, and great difficulty is found in communicating with him.

The swimming pool was open on Thursday, notwithstanding the cool weather, and a few of the more hardy men took a plunge into the icy water.

Kaufmann, '91, who has been seriously ill at his home in Michigan, returned to college Thursday. He has almost recovered his former good health.

McCarthy, '87, visited the college on Sunday. He is at present employed in the botanical department of the National Museum.

Roberts, formerly of '86, was up to the college last Sunday. He has just returned from a trip to New York.

Prof. Gordon, who has been Secretary of the Faculty for the last ten years, has resigned the position, and has been succeeded by Prof. Draper.

The institution laundry is being considerably enlarged, and some new machinery is being put in to enable it to meet the increased demands upon it. While the improvements are being made, the washing of the college is sent to the city, and not a little confusion is the result.

It has been customary for the Seniors and Juniors to recite logic together during the first term, but as this arrangement compels the Juniors to take four studies, it was decided this year that the Juniors should take the study in the first term of their Senior year, an arrangement which is satisfactory to every one.

Predatory excursions on the fruit trees on the Green have quite denuded them of fruit. The villagers, to quote a celebrated phrase, seem to be "ignorance of Mr. Van Ness' unallowance of it."

The great Caesar was warned to beware of Ideas of March, and many a duck anxious to astonish his friends with another "veni, vidi, vici," has been warned to beware of the Friday following the beginning of the term. Last Friday, the Ducks had visitors, who in accordance with the time-honored custom, amused themselves by turning things topsy turvy, and having a little rough fun with their hosts. In one or two instances the visitors met with a rather warm reception, but no serious trouble was occasioned.

Prof. Chickering preached yesterday's sermon.

Van Allen, '89, resumes his charge of the Ascension Parish Deaf-Mute Bible Class.

KENDALL GREEN, Oct 3, 1887.

## Services for Deaf-Mutes.

Sunday, October 9th, Trinity Chapel, Newark, N. J., at 11 a.m., and St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, N. Y., at 7:30 p.m.

## Place the Blame Where it Belongs.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE IN THE OHIO INSTITUTION.

We have read with great interest the letters of "G. H.," "Robin Hood" and "S. S.," on the state of affairs at the Institution at Columbus. "G. H.," and "Robin Hood" state the case clearly. They however do not give all the facts. "G. H.," says the places of nine mutes have been filled by hearing persons. He must say twelve.

But that is not the point.

The point is the fixed policy which rules the present administration. That is to get rid of as many mutes as possible, and as soon as possible.

It is the reverse of the policy that has always ruled the Institution, and which has been productive of the best results.

It is a policy begot by prejudice, born by selfishness, and nursed by self-conceited ignorance of the best interests of the Institution.

For Messrs. Scott and Pratt we care nothing, personally. But they are mutes. Their places have been filled by incompetent, lazy, ignorant hearing men, when there are plenty of mutes especially adapted to the work. For that we, as well as all who have the good of the deaf and the welfare of the Institution at heart, do care a great deal. For the policy which dictates and carries out such changes, we can not but feel the deepest indignation.

Here the question arises: Who is responsible for this policy?

Let us place the blame where it belongs.

If there is any indignation to vent, let us vent it on the proper head.

"S. S.," blames the Trustees. In that he is wrong. The Trustees are good men. They mean well. They have the best interests of the Institution at heart. They are appointed for fixed terms. One or more goes out each year. Trustees may come and Trustees may come, but the policy of the Institution remains the same.

The average Trustee, when he comes in, is very much ignorant of the needs of the Institution. He knows nothing of what its best interests demand of him. To whom does he look for guidance? Where does he go for instruction? To the Superintendent.

Through him only, he learns the needs of the Institution.

All information filters through the Superintendent. He can give it any coloring, any direction he pleases.

The Superintendent, therefore, is responsible for the policy which governs the Institution.

It is the misfortune of the Ohio Institution to have a superintendent who is prejudiced in an unusual degree against the deaf. Unusual for one in his position. Such a person has no business to have any connection with an institution for the deaf. His prejudice extends to the pupils even. He has a poor opinion of their capabilities. So great is his prejudice, that he has no use for a deaf instructor either in the intellectual or industrial departments. As soon as he took charge, he resolved to get rid of them. He has steadily adhered to this policy ever since. He impregates every body with whom he comes in contact with his prejudices. No wonder the Trustees are affected.

Since he came in, twenty changes have taken place in the industrial and educational departments alone. The changes in the other departments are too numerous to follow.

Every one of these twenty places has been filled by a hearing person. Many of the vacancies were made by the mutes. Not a single place could he find for a mute. Could prejudice go farther?

His whole course, since the Institution had the misfortune to come under his control, has been in keeping with the above. He has been very consistent in that respect. He is a man of shams.

"S. S." has an idea that the assistant foreman of the printing office was appointed to help during the vacation. "S. S." is greatly wrong. Mr. Scott was removed in March last. The assistant was appointed in a few days after. In June, two more hearing men were appointed to help him during vacation. I hear that all of them have now been discharged. Is this enough to convince "S. S."?

## Brooklyn.

MR. O'BRIEN'S LECTURE.

At half past eight last Wednesday evening, the auditors present at the meeting of the Brooklyn Society were evidently becoming interested, and with good reason, for was not one of the most handsome and accomplished young men of mutedom spreading himself on the rostrum before them? Yes, indeed; Mr. John F. O'Brien was there telling a thrilling and interesting story of a "Great Bank Robbery" which took place in New York several years ago; how through the skill and daring of Inspector Byrnes, the robbers were finally run down, landed in prison, and much of the plunder recovered.

The narrative of this story took more than two hours and a half, and judging from the close attention paid, was keenly relished by all, with the possible exception of a young man sitting on one of the back seats, tired from his labors through the day, and who utterly unmindful of his surroundings, sank into deep slumber; when aroused and realizing his position, he left the room.

There were present about forty persons, several being ladies, while the Catholic Literary Benevolent

Union of New York turned out strong; the St. Joseph's Union of this city was also well represented, "Uncle Jim" being conspicuous up in front; several members of the Silent Workers and the Gallaudet Home Society were there as were also a couple of oral gentlemen.

Had the weather not been so stormy, and had Mr. O'Brien stuck to the subject first announced, "Matrimony," there would doubtless have been many more present, especially ladies; when the change of programme came, several of these last, young and beautiful, suddenly berated the JOURNAL scribe and vowed they would not attend as men were deceivers everywhere being no exceptions to the rule. That they were disappointed there was no mistake, for expecting something fine from the young and good-looking bachelor who would speak favorably of that subject which is so dear to the feminine heart, "Matrimony," and to be put off with a story of a bank robbery was really too mean.

Among the many present were President James Francis Donnelly, of the St. Joseph's Union, and Mrs. Donnelly, Miss Cal



# NEW YORK

## DR. GALLAUDET'S THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AS A MINISTER.

An Interesting Sermon at St. Francis Xavier's.

## WHISPERINGS OF THE WEEK.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Wednesday evening was given to a cold drizzling rain, which prevented ourselves and many others from attending the first lecture of the season given under the auspices of the Brooklyn Society. From one who attended, however, we learn some thirty persons of both sexes braved the wrath of the elements, and enjoyed for almost two hours, the intricacies attached to the doings of the cleverest gang of safe breakers the country has ever known. Their plans, and the counterplans of the chief of detectives, Inspector Byrnes, were handled with great tact by Mr. J. F. O'Brien, who, it is said, acquitted himself very creditably in the matter of sign-making, etc., and in the main did enough to please all who attended. Even "Nervy" Bond is said to have taken a front seat, and proved an attentive witness to the doings of the "nervy" men connected with the story.

On the same evening, a large party left the city to attend the "wooden wedding" of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Passaic, N. J. "Beau" Barnes was among the number, and covered himself with glory, and the rest of those who accompanied him, with mud—real Jersey—mud in his endeavors to show how much he knew about "Rapid Transit" in reaching his destination.

The Gallaudet Club met Saturday evening, and had an enthusiastic meeting. A masquerade ball has been decided upon, and will be given in celebration of the Gallaudet Centennial.

Sunday was a gala day in the history of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, as it witnessed the thirty-fifth anniversary of its pastor's ordination to the ministry. Thirty-five years ago, Dr. Gallaudet was a teacher in the New York Institution. In 1851 he was ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the following year received his final orders as a minister. At that time he assisted in various churches, but continued to teach. The following year he organized the congregation of St. Ann's, the object being to meet the spiritual wants of deaf-mutes throughout New York City. Through the aid of Trinity Church, which gave him an annual grant of two hundred dollars, he was greatly helped in his work. Since then it has been increased to one thousand dollars. It was in 1859 St. Ann's church property was purchased, and ever since, Dr. Gallaudet has been unflinching in his efforts in behalf of the deaf-mute of this city and country, not in a spiritual, but also a temporal sense.

His sermon Sunday was extremely interesting, his text being Psalms 10: 1—"I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, with my whole heart: I will speak of all thy marvellous works." At its conclusion, he spoke at length on the career of St. Ann's Church, and was watched with the strictest attention by an audience of some eighty. Throughout the service, Dr. Gallaudet was assisted by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Sol. Cornelius acted as usher. Among those in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. John Carlin, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Haught, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Desendorf, Mr. LeClercq and Miss Price, who only lately returned to the city from the Price Manor at Lake George, and Messrs. Reynolds, Soper, Barnes, McClellan, Pratt, Durian, Kohlmetz, formerly of St. Louis, and Douglas Tilden.

On Sunday, also, an audience numbering some thirty ladies and gentlemen attended the service at St. Francis Xavier's. Rev. Father Belanger gave an interesting discourse from the Gospel of St. John xx, 31. "But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God and that believing you may have life in his name."

Although Father Belanger has been in the city but a short time, it is remarkable how he is becoming accustomed to our methods of sign making. His delivery is strong and graceful, and he carries with it the true meaning of what he wishes to say. The catholic mutes have already become greatly attached to him, and he trusts before another six months have passed to be able to receive them in a house of worship designed for their exclusive accommodation.

The many friends of Mr. Jas. P. Donohue were grieved to learn of the death of his estimable mother, who after a long illness, resulting from an affliction of the heart, succumbed to the will of the Almighty on Wednesday evening, Sept. 28th. Her funeral took place from the Church of the Epiphany on Second Avenue and was very largely attended. Mr. Donohue is to continue in carrying on the undertaking establishment, and with that business tact for which he has already become known, there is little reason to doubt, he will succeed.

Artist Ballin has left his studio at 1207 Broadway. His former subtenant, Lee W. Bailey, has succeeded him and is sharing it with Douglas Tilden, who is in the city to further his knowledge of the sculptor's art.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Lloyd, Jr., entertained a small company of friends at

their snug little home in Harlem Sunday evening, and a very pleasant evening was passed.

Fred. Peak, so it is said on the best authority, will be the next addition to the "gym" of the Y. M. C. A. Where's that literary society?

That Artist Tresch is becoming as rich as he is famous, is shown by the fact his receipts for last week amounted to \$58. Such is the reward of pluck and perseverance.

The sickness of the paternal guardian of the Hanneemann family, has caused the duties of attending to the tailoring business to devolve on the shoulders of the elder brother, who reaches the store on Nassau St. every morning at 7:30 sharp, and has turned over a new leaf.

The great Tom Holland, of Yorkville fame, is growing pensive, caused, they say, from the fact that matrimony has been suggesting itself to him.

The Christmas tree gathering, created from the fertile brain of "Nervy" Bond, will, without the slightest doubt, prove an interesting event. An electric battery first; second, somebody else would appreciate a bottle of an overhauling hair restorative.

A forlorn-looking white nag shambled across the Brooklyn Bridge Saturday about four o'clock. Turning around, we perceived "Uncle Jim" O'Neil and sure enough not far distant a specimen of the kind of girl he is looking for to startle folks at the St. Joseph's Union Ball. Tickets are out, and very neat in appearance.

MONTAGUE TIGER.

## WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR JOURNAL:—At last the school at Edgewood is fairly under way and off on another year's course.

There are as yet but one hundred and forty one pupils, with numerous "tardies," besides new candidates for admission, not yet arrived.

Several changes have been made in the corps of teachers this summer.

Miss Mary Noyes resigned, owing to the pressure of home duties. Miss Maria Rose, of Ohio, did likewise, and returns to Wilkesburg as Mrs. James Balph.

Miss Minnie Smith, of Rhode Island; Miss Phoebe Wright, of the California Institution; and Miss Anna E. Frost, late of the Ohio Institution; were appointed to fill the vacancies, one additional position in the faculty.

The girls' wing has been completed, and very handsomely finished, giving them a large study room, and a play room in the basement, the same size, which, like the boys', has been paved with smooth concrete, so they can spin tops, and bowl around on roller skates, without damage to the floor. The shoemaker expects a "boom" in half soles and heels though. The walls for the new shop building, 40x70 feet, are nearly up to the second story. The want of bricklayers retards the work just now. It is odd that they are so scarce, when the pay is four dollars and fifty cents per day.

All the school rooms have been neatly kalsomined, and corridor walls painted a shade of bluish green, very pleasant to the eye.

Mrs. Alice Bishop, the newly appointed matron of the Columbia Institution, spent a few days with Mr. Balis, on her way East.

On September 11th, Mr. Teegarden received the rite of baptism at the Presbyterian Church in Wilkesburg, and afterward both himself and wife were admitted to membership in that church, Prof. J. H. Brown interpreting for the minister, Rev. S. H. Moore.

A new system of alternating work and study, the "Rotary," is about to be tried at this school in October, and much curiosity is excited thereby.

The collections from this section of Pennsylvania for the Gallaudet Memorial, amount to over five hundred dollars, and are still coming in.

Dr. Brown, the principal, was compelled to cut his vacation short at the end of a fortnight, and returned home ill, and has not yet entirely recovered from the attack.

Two of our boys have gone to the college this fall—Masters Ide Kinney and John McVaine—and, so far as brains can be made to carry one, we predict for them a high standing on the college books.

A singular case appeared here for admission since school opened, in that of a boy, without a vestige of ears except rudimentary lobes, and devoid of openings for the entrance of sound to his head. Being, according to medical opinion, and all appearances of weak mental powers, the application was refused. Quiz.

## CONNECTICUT.

The governor of Massachusetts, and staff will make an official visit on Tuesday of this week to the Institution at Hartford.

William Lynde, of Boston was in Waterbury last week, to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Charles Dickinson.

Mrs. L. J. Leek, of this city had been on several days' visit to Mr. R. J. Martling in Portchester, N. Y., and returned home last night.

S. P. Cornelius, of New York, expects to visit his brother in town, next week.

The people of Bridgeport feel chafed to have W. J. McCann to settle down there for good. He left Wallingford two weeks ago.

"Nemo and Ted" were at the Hyperion in town, last Saturday evening, to witness "Adonis."

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 3. NEMO.

## WOODEN WEDDING.

Wednesday, September 28th, was an eventful occasion in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith—it marked the fifth anniversary of their wedding day, and was celebrated with mirth and feasting, at their handsome residence in Passaic, N. J.

But memorable as the day will be to the happy couple, it will not soon be forgotten by a score or so of their New York friends, who responded to the invitation to be present on the occasion.

The average New Yorker has a very dim idea of the whereabouts of Passaic, although that handsome little city is only twenty-five minutes' ride from the Chambers Street ferry.

The general impression is that Passaic is somewhere between the North River and Philadelphia.

However, among the party that embarked on the seven o'clock train on the evening mentioned was Mr. A. A. Barnes, whose long experience in the Foreign Money Order Department of the New York Post Office, gave confidence to his companions that they would not be lost on New Jersey soil.

Reaching Prospect Street, Passaic, Mr. Barnes nimbly alighted, and was followed by all the deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen in the car.

A drizzling rain was falling, and the first thing our guide did was to shade his eyes with his hand and peer into the darkness, making a circular sweep of vision.

The impatient crowd gazed eagerly and earnestly, and some of the ladies admiringly upon the graceful form of the famous beau, who vainly endeavored to discover some familiar landmark.

There followed a period of painful anxiety, which was dispelled, however, by our portly friend, Mr. Jacques Loew.

Mr. Loew, observing a small boy sauntering leisurely along through the mud with his hands in his pockets, pounced on him and offered the urchin a handful of pennies to lead us to Dundee Road.

The small boy cheerfully complied, and started on a brisk trot followed by the little umbrella-protected band.

On he went, never pausing, but occasionally looking round to see if his convoy was safe.

Block after block was passed, and still he did not pause. The weary and mud splashed party were about to give out with fatigue, when the boy suddenly stopped at an unusually dark stretch of gravel and shade trees, and signified that we had at last reached Dundee Road.

Mr. Loew patted him on the head with paternal kindness, gave him a liberal quantity of pennies, and he darted off.

Well, we were there, anyhow! was the thought of all.

But where was the house? We looked in vain for the sign of a dwelling, but none could be found.

Reluctantly we came to the conclusion that the cheerful little scamp had guided us the wrong way.

Retracing our steps for about half a mile back, inquiry at a grocery store disclosed the fact that we had been going exactly in an opposite direction to that necessary to reach Dundee Road.

There was no help for it. Back we went, and after an hour's walk, or rather struggle, the damp and disconsolate party came at last within sight of the stained glass doors of our host and hostess, our defrauded and indignant friend, Mr. Loew, forming the rear of the procession.

But the warmth of our reception, the brilliancy of the well lighted parlors, and the pleasant social intercourse which followed, soon made us forget the disagreeable part of our journey.

Nevertheless, if any one in Passaic should meet a little boy with large blue eyes, curly auburn hair, rosy cheeks, and a general expression of health, innocence and happiness, it would be well to tell the misguided little villain to run home as fast as his legs will carry him whenever he meets a gentleman with an enormous white moustache and goatee a la Napoleon.

The members of our misfortune-tossed party proved to be the last arrivals, and with those who preceded them formed an assemblage of about fifty persons.

On a large table draped and arranged by Mr. Loew, a great number of wooden articles—presents to the couple, and appropriate to the anniversary—were placed in plentiful profusion.

The following is a partial list of the articles and donors, it being impossible to get them all:—

Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Loew, olive wood calendar with stamp drawer, and letter holder of the same material; Mr. and Mrs. Walter McDougal, polished oak inkstand, with pens and ink receivers—silver ornamentation; Miss Lizzie Brinck, hand-painted potato masher; Miss Alice M. Hatch, carved salad fork and spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, carved bread tray with knife; Mr. Paulson and wife, willow waste paper basket; Mr. Lambert and friend, willow rocker; Mr. Arthur I. Thomas, walnut case; Mr. E. Souvaine, oak-framed palette-shaped mirror; Miss Frankie C. Hawkins, hand-painted panel; Miss Prudence Lewis, umbrella; Miss Clara Post, looking-glass and towel rack; Mr. T. A. Froehlich, willow and grass-worked basket with "old" wooden shoe; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Soule, carved portrait portfolio; Miss Josie Felix, scroll-worked letter receiver; Mr. G. S. Porter, ink blotter with pug dog ornamentation; Mr. E. A. Hodgson, olive wood hand-painted paper knife; Mr. and Mrs. Smith,

rosewood chair upholstered in plush; Mr. I. N. Soper, carved salad knife and fork; Mr. Albert A. Barnes, mahogany towel rack; Miss H. Sonneborn, bamboo inkstand with bronze ornament; Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Fowler, carved salad fork and spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Farnham, willow knife basket; Mr. Thomas F. Fox, cherry-wood pipe, of unique design; Mr. Charles Le Clercq, newspaper rack.

Among the hearing guests were Mrs. Place, of Oswego; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Soule, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Soule, Mr. and Mrs. Paulson, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Flanagan, Frankie Torry, sister of the hostess' mother, Miss Felix and Eugene Smith, brother of the host.

At eleven the company sat down to a handsome collation, and it is needless to say did full justice to the viands set before them.

Mr. Smith and his lovely wife were indefatigable in their efforts to entertain their guests. Their little four-year-old son, Simmie, is one of the prettiest and most intelligent little boys we have ever met with. He sat up until after eleven, and seemed to enjoy the party as well as any of those present.

We regret that the weather was so unpleasant as to preclude any attempt to visit the grounds which surround the pretty residence, but can vouch for the fact that the inside is both handsome and well arranged. The parlors are luxuriantly furnished, and contain much quaint and costly furniture and bric-a-brac. Every room contains an electric bell, so that the occupants do not need to shout for the servant from the head of the stairs. Taken altogether, it is a model household, and shelters the handsomest, happiest, and most hospitable couple in Passaic, N. J.

At half-past eleven the guests took their leave, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Smith many more such happy anniversaries of their wedding day. May time always use them as gently, and may their griefs be few and their glories many, is the wish of their friend,

BEATRICE.

## MICHIGAN PICK-UPS.

THE STATE BLIND SCHOOL—RAILROAD ACCIDENT—AROUND THE BASES—VISITING FRIENDS—ETC., ETC.

Still we live. Lots of rain now-a-days. School meeting at Flint went off in good style.

Miss Ida Jackson, of Belleville, Ont., has been appointed a teacher in the Michigan Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, at Flint.

Willie Butters, of Pulaski, gave the boys a big scare in his peach orchard last week.

The school for the Blind at Lansing opened on the 14th for the winter with a full attendance.

The Misses Shaddock, of Adrian, who are teachers in the Kansas School for the Blind at Wyandotte, have been visiting the Blind School at Lansing.

For Sale—A nice pennant pole. No further use to the owner. Apply to Mr. Anson, Chicago, Ill.

Amos Hill, the popular cigarmaker of Lansing, went to Jackson to attend the State Fair last week. He reported a grand time.

Some mutes in Detroit are known to walk nearly a mile to borrow the JOURNAL to read its news, and show it to their friends.

The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Flint will use 2,500 tons of coal this winter.

John Ansbrow, of Flint, says his is worth \$2000. His is a man.

Geo. Holland and wife, of Jonesville, intend to move up north soon. George has recently bought eighty acres of land.

A deaf and dumb boy, nine years old, named Meyers, had his thumb blown off, and two fingers lacerated by the explosion of a gun shell at Bay City on Monday of last week.

C. R. Barnett, of Lansing, ex-manager of the Humpty Dumpty troupe, and ex-editor and proprietor of the deceased Deaf-Mute Recorder, has bet Amos Hill \$500 that the Detroitis win the world's championship. He congratulates the Detroitis on their success, says the pennant is undoubtedly theirs, hopes they will defeat the St. Louis Browns.

Charles Rooks, of Coldwater, is sending out circulars to all the residents of Coldwater and vicinity, giving prices, etc., on his photographic work. Charles is a good artist, and always gives satisfaction, and no one should go outside for their pictures.

We learned that Wm. Brown, the cigarmaker, of Coldwater, will act as an agent for him.

No west-bound Chicago and Grand Trunk trains have passed through Flint and Lansing since two days ago, as your correspondent went to Charlotte, to visit friends. Down three miles west of Charlotte was a blockading wall. The wall was composed of a dozen freight cars and two wrecked twisted engines that were piled upon the track. All west-bound passengers were blockaded at Charlotte, and the travelers towards the East were wearing away an enforced vacation at Olivet.

An extra freight received orders at Battle Creek early in the morning to run through to Charlotte regardless of the west-bound freight, No. 24. The regular was directed to side track for the extra at Olivet.

Two trains met three miles west of Charlotte at 4 o'clock in the morning, with the usual result. Both engines were total wrecks. Eleven cars crushed and the fireman of No. 24 badly injured about the face and back. The extra's cars were loaded with oats and flour, and the track and wreck were thickly whitened with the latter. A large wrecking force was at work, and the track will be cleared this week.

The State School for the Blind at Lansing has a building of five stories high, and on two sides are four story buildings. In the rear of main building are the broom shop, barn and other buildings. Not having seen this Institution, your correspondent called Monday and saw everything worth seeing. The scholars number sixty-five, and are of all ages from the boy or girl of four clear up to the man or woman. Counting and figuring is taught those needing it, but only those young in years have any necessity for it. Music is taught during school hours. Music seems to "catch the ear" of the blind, and soft, mellow sounds greeted the listener as they came that way. The girls were knitting and sewing, each trying to do her best. Three sewing machines are placed in readiness to do the work of sewing, stripping and basting. Many hands find something to do making needlework. Some very nice designs in baskets, plumes, and fancy work of every description. A broom shop is what makes business for the male part of the students. All but half a dozen work there. Maps of the United States and Europe, about four feet square, composed of composition, are used in the school room. Everything is taught the pupils that they desire to know.

CONCELOS.

Lynn Notes and "Cycle" Gossip.

Joe Brayell still works with J. F. Lang. Both have steady employment and make excellent wages. Business in all shops is brisk this season.

Joseph Nichols, the tricyclist, is about town nearly every evening, enjoying the exercise on his three wheeler with his favorite dog as a companion.

John E. Mack recently paid a visit to Miss Katie Reddy, of Newburyport, Mass., on his bicycle, and indulged in a pleasant conversation. The distance with return is sixty miles.

Last July, Charles Letts went to Foxboro, Mass., to accept steady employment in a shoe factory. He is greatly missed by his many friends here, especially by the writer. May he prosper in his new situation, and his weary way be strewn with flowers of happiness.

John Butler, formerly of this city, has moved to Beverly, Mass., with his family where he has secured constant employment. His wife recently gave birth to a female infant.

Edward Welch, the well-known mute, met with a serious accident on his bicycle in Beverly lately, by coming in collision with a horse at night. The result was a gash over his left eye which the doctor took several stitches to close, and other small bruises.

J. F. Lang entered three racing events on the "cycle" track last July 4th. First one was a mile novice. Lang won the second prize—a silver medal. Second and third event being a tandem, and run and ride on bicycle race. Lang won first and second prizes, a gold-headed cane and silver cake-basket.

J. F. Lang paid a brief visit to his schoolmate, Charles Letts, of Foxboro, on his bicycle several weeks ago. Distance with return eighty miles. He also proposes to visit Joe, Lawlor and Frank D. Jourdan, both of Brockton, Mass., shortly. On his way to the former place, he met with a singular accident. While riding in a narrow path he got caught in the branch of a tree, and was held there while the bicycle went on without rider for quite a distance.

STUDD OF STEEL.

How delightful it is when a "cyclist" mounts his ever-ready wheel to take a ride. In a few minutes the city of crowd and din is left behind him, and he is around with fresh air and pleasant views. A trip into the country with a bicycle, what a glorious time one might have! The nooks and corners of nature all bowing in silent welcome.

The woods, the hills, the valleys, and everything in holiday attire, while you wheel along in company with an endless panorama of the best from nature's store house.

The following is a copy of some poetry written by the celebrated poet, Will Carleton.

It carries me in comfort over many a pleasant mile, And we who ride it are satisfied completely with its style. So with a blithe economy establishments are run. With driver, footman, passenger, and horses all in one.

SHOEMAKER.

LYNN, MASS., Sept. 30, 1887.

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

EDITOR JOURNAL: An infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Huff was baptized at the Grace Episcopal Church, Kansas City, September 18th.

Miss Lilly Gottschalk returned to her Illinois home, September 18th, after a month's visit with her sister at Kansas City.

Mr. H. L. Johnson is the only mute architect in the west, and still keeps busy on his high-standing and large board table. O, Kansas City, indeed, is a booming city!

Yes, the JOURNAL's correspondent says Los Angeles is a bigger booming city than Kansas City, but Kansas City leads the world to the extent of cable lines, besides the elevated road and electric street railway, and, too, dummy and mule cars now running up and down the hills.

## NEW JERSEY.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—A DEAF-MUTE GIRL CARRIED IN FRONT OF A TRAIN UNINJURED.

One of the most miraculous escapes from instant death that has ever taken place in Orange, occurred at the High Street crossing of the New York and Greenwood Lake Railroad at four o'clock, yesterday afternoon. Mary Bennett, a deaf-mute, about twenty years of age, and a daughter of John Bennett, also a deaf-mute, and well-known throughout the country as a preacher of considerable ability in the sign-language, was driving along High Street in an old light wagon, in which she had several chairs. She drove up to the crossing, and as the track on the east side is hidden by a hat factory, she did not see a west-bound train, which was approaching at a high rate of speed. The locomotive struck the wagon about midway, wrenched it from the horse, and swept it along the track, with the girl sitting in it.

About sixty feet west of the crossing, the girl was tossed into the air, and fell on the soft ground on the north side of the track. The wagon was reduced to kindling wood, and its pieces were strewn along the track for two hundred feet. The girl was picked up in an unconscious condition, and carried into the house of William Henderson, corner of High and Alden Streets, and her brother-in-law was sent for.

An examination was made, and strange to say, the girl was found to have sustained only slight injuries. She recovered consciousness, and was taken to her home at Northfield. The harness was almost entirely torn off the horse, nothing remaining on him but a part of the bridle, but beyond a slight cut, he also was uninjured.

Newark Evening News, Sept. 27.

The dark horse is all right and is working the same as before. The doctor has examined Miss B. finding no bones were broken and only a few small scratches. Her father will bring a suit for damages against the Railroad Company.

There was no flagman on the crossing with its surroundings of factories and houses. Messrs. Bennett and Ersinger are the only ones that saw the debris of the wagon on the north side of the track.

Last week, Frank Lenox came near breaking his neck by falling from a pear tree, while picking on Mr. Bennett's farm. Several accidents occurred to him during the past few weeks. Ought he not to be careful in the future?

Last Sunday, Rev. Chamberlain preached an interesting sermon, and after that, there was a Holy Communion at Rector Street Chapel. The mutes are very sorry for Rev. Mr. Colt, who is very sick with typhoid fever. We hope he is now on the road to recovery.

In Newark, there was, last Sunday, a big company at Mr. and Mrs. Kinney's home. Misses "Daisy" and Maggie Finn, Blaurock and Mrs. Kinney, left and Ersinger.

Mr. Caldwell and his parents are going to move to Kearney, N. J., across the Passaic River. The former will have a big walk to the Society.

Mrs. D. J. Ward is in Buffalo, N. Y., and will stay there till November. Messrs. Ward, Bonsfield and Cotter visited Buffalo and Niagara Falls last week. They returned home after having a grand time.

It is rumored that Secretary Jastrow is engaged to Miss Traf, who lives in Roseville. He is happy.

Mr. Van Ness is the heaviest deaf-mute man in this city. He weighs over two hundred. Next is D. J. Ward.

Sept. 29, '87. THE WRITER.

## Richmond, Va.

J. Dunlop Baker was in the city, on his way to Petersburg, Va., a few days ago.

Hannie S. Anderson, of Baltimore, was in the city for a few days two weeks ago.

Among the mutes who went to West Point, Va., on an excursion, accompanied by Hannie S. Anderson, who was on his way to that town, his old home, were William E. Capers, James D. Lane, Joseph H. Heeke and Edward G. Ball. While there they have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Willie Cluverius, who won a wide reputation by his devoted attention to his deceased brother, Thomas J. Cluverius, during the long trial and imprisonment of the latter. They reported having a magnificent time.

Hannie S. Anderson has returned to his home in Baltimore, after an absence of four weeks.

James D. Lane has gone to Staunton, Va., where he is selling Gallaudet alphabet cards.

All the mutes, of this city, will attend the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee monument on the 27th of October, on which day there will be a great military demonstration.

Mr. J. D. Ambroselli, a deaf-mute of Charlottesville, Va., has lost his father by death. He died last Friday after a long illness. He was sixty-four years of age at the time of his death.

To-morrow is the twenty-second anniversary of the writer's birthday.

J. H. H.

Sept. 26, 1887.

## NOTICE.

Deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity are invited to service in Trinity Chapel, Rector Street, Newark, next Sunday, October 9th, at 11 A.M.

# COLUMBUS.

## The Coming Centennial and G. A. R. Encampment.

## The C. D. M. L. S.

## Base-Ball Notes.

(From our Ohio Correspondent.)

Columbus is in high feather just now, in anticipation of the great things in store for her next year. Next year will be the Centennial anniversary of the settlement of the State, and it is proposed to celebrate the event with a great exposition at the Fair Grounds and various festivities which will draw a great crowd here. The National encampment of the G. A. R., will be held here too, and that of itself will be a great event. It will tax the city to its utmost to take care of the crowds that are expected, but we will, no doubt, be equal to the occasion. There were two hundred thousand visitors at the encampment at St. Louis last week, and many had not where to lay their weary heads. Profiting by the mistakes of other cities, our newspapers are already agitating the question of how we are to take care of the crowds that will pour in upon us. If the encampment is held during the vacation, our Institution can easily lodge a thousand inside of it, and have room for another thousand or so in tents on the grounds. The other State Institutions located here, can do nearly as well, and if every body opens his door, as advised, there will be plenty of room for every one that comes.

Several changes have taken place in the arrangements for the observance of Sunday at the Institution. The morning study hour has been changed back to what it used to be. It now begins at 9:30, instead of 11 A.M., and continues to 10:30. The chapel services will be held from 11 to 12, instead of from 9:45 to 10:45, as during the past three or four years. About sixty-five of the upper class pupils attend Trinity Church regularly, where the services are interpreted by the Rev. Benj. Talbot. The teachers are now required to take turns in conducting these pupils to and from church—the girls being in charge of the lady teachers, and the boys under the care of the gentlemen.



## FANWOOD.

### Rejoicing Over the Volunteer's Victory.

### ABOUT THE F. L. A. ELECTION.

### An Old Carpenter Gone—Minor Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

There was rejoicing at Fanwood last Friday evening.

Why? Because our Yankee sloop, the "Volunteer," won the great yacht race and the cup is safe in America.

But one poor heart was sad—the heart of Miss Agnes Craig, who is a young Scotch lass, and upholds everything that is Scotch with the tenacity of true Scotch laddies and lassies.

The girls were very enthusiastic, and demonstrated this by signing "America" in concert.

And the boys? They made the dust in their study room rise by their howls of delight.

But the few who staked their last cent on the "Thistle" were very despondent.

THE F. L. A. ELECTION.

The election of officers of the Fanwood Literary Association takes place annually on the first Saturday in October. The Committee of this old organization met in the Principal's office a few days prior to the election, and accordingly prepared a list of candidates to be voted upon. The President then directed the secretary to notify all members to be present at the meeting on Saturday, October 1st.

A few leaders of the boys did a good deal of wire pulling, which was the cause of a tough struggle for the office of President.

The presiding officer having important business to attend to in the city, was absent, but Dr. Peet, who is *ex officio* a member, managed the election, with the kind assistance of Prof. Jones.

For the office of President, Prof. Jones was pitted against Prof. Fox, and for a time it was thought that Prof. Jones would win, and would have been it not for the girls who were almost unanimous in favor of Prof. Fox, who came out ahead by a majority of seven votes.

This excitement having subsided, the other candidates were elected as follows, without altering the ticket as arranged by the committee:

First Vice-President, W. H. Bishop; Second Vice-President, John H. Geary; Secretary, F. M. Houck; Treasurer, W. G. Jones; Librarian, E. H. Currier; Directors, Chester Q. Mann, Miss Ida Montgomery, Charles Van Tassel, Walter B. Peet and George S. Porter.

The newly elected officers were then invited to the rostrum to make a few remarks, after which the meeting adjourned. It was noticed that one of the females lost the office of Secretary by only a small minority of votes. But it speaks a great deal for their sex. They have always taken part in voting, but never known to participate in a debate, save that of being volunteers, or held office, and as the Board of Directors has a female member, it is safe to say that in a few years they will have enough courage to rule the elections and gobble up all the offices. We do not see any reason why they should not, as they are as eligible and capable of holding office as the boys.

AN OLD CARPENTER GONE.

On Friday evening, September 30th, Mr. John H. Clearwater died at his residence, 161st Street, near Tenth Avenue. Mr. Clearwater had been in poor health for several years, and his death was not unexpected. Handicapped by the weight of 74 winters, the infirmities of old age added to the severity of his frequent relapses of illness, until finally nature gave way and he entered into a realization of the "peace that passeth all understanding." He was connected with the New York Institution for over forty years, as a carpenter, and for the latter twenty-three years as foreman of the cabinet shop. Always attentive to duty and punctual in his appointments, he served the Institution with trustworthy diligence. About three years ago, the pressure of age and feebleness consequent thereon, caused him to retire from the position which he so long and faithfully filled. It was with sadness and regret that he relinquished the duties of a lifetime, and often he yearned to be again with his bright faced young apprentices. Graduates of this Institution who have grown to the dignity of manhood, and some of whom are grandfathers, will all remember him, and will regret to hear that he has gone from this world forever. He always had a kind word and cordial hand-clasp for deaf-mutes who chanced to visit the scenes of their youth, and none of whom forgot to call on Mr. Clearwater and talk about by-gone days. Of his four children, three are dead, Mr. Edward Clearwater, now foreman of the carpenter shop alone surviving. His funeral took place on Monday morning at 10:30, Rev. H. Morton Reed officiating. He was buried in the family plot at Greenwood Cemetery. Among those who attended the funeral were Dr. Peet, Mr. Brainerd, Mr. Currier and Mr. Banks.

### MINOR NOTES.

The rainy weather of last Saturday prevented the game between the Pastimes of Manhattan College, and the Silencia Reserves, on the former's grounds, but the latter continue their challenge to play the above-named club on next Saturday.

Edward Clearwater and his boys have just put a new floor on the little boys' bath and dressing room. Mr. Safford's successor in the position of supervisor, is Lincoln Risley, of Waterville, N. Y. He can hear and speak as well as use the sign-language. His parents are deaf and dumb, and were educated at Fanwood. This makes Mr. Risley the right man in the right place.

Mrs. Place, of Oswego, N. Y., and sister to Miss Frankie C. Hawkins, of the Art Department, was visiting the latter last week. Mrs. Place was Principal of a Female College in Oxford, Ohio, for two years, and has been a teacher of literature, rhetoric and philology. During her brief stay, she made many friends.

Willie Coombs, who has been down with typhoid fever at his home in Westfield, N. J., writes a friend here that he is getting along as well as could be expected.

George Abrams, of Birmingham, Ala., was in this city to see the yacht race last Friday. He came up to Fanwood in the morning.

### CANADA.

FORMAL OPENING OF THE INSTITUTE YESTERDAY—A FULL ATTENDANCE.

(Belleville Intelligencer, Sept. 22.)

Vacation, which may be said to be a sort of narrow isthmus connecting two great lengths of time, has been journeyed over and the broad continent of educational work is again presented before the intrepid eye of the instructor. That in this confined journeying both teacher and taught may amass sufficient strength to return to their respective duties with fresh hearts and renewed courage, is ever a source of extreme gratification. Among the many institutions whose growing influence and manifest usefulness we delight to observe and chronicle, is the silent establishment planted in our midst. With increasing popularity, it yesterday formally opened its classes with the unusually beginning attendance of some 235 children. To see the little ones so manfully bid adieu to home and mamma and take courageous hold of the horn-bowl of knowledge with evident determination to conquer every world, is a sight which does the heart of the mute child's friend good and encourages him in his arduous mission. Nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the formal organization, and at the specified time the spacious chapel of the Institution was well filled with neatly attired little damsels, bright-eyed boys, eager officers and a few friends, among whom we did not fail to discern the familiar countenance of the Rev. Rector of St. Thomas', who by repeated acts of kindness and solicitude has won for himself an enviable place in the affections of the silent ones.

After prayer by Prof. Ashley, the Superintendent addressed the teachers, officers and pupils, (Prof. Coleman interpreting) and in appropriate words wished all a cordial return. Great things had been achieved in the past, as examiners' reports, trophies won, testimonies of competent persons would attest. Yet, still greater results were to be sought. When we became too satisfied, we ceased to advance. Although the last term would remain among the most successful in the history of the Institution, he presumed to predict still another step further in the march towards perfection. Reference was made to the various changes which had taken place and, having given credit where due and wished all success, he was pleased to welcome the new appointees, feeling confidence in their desire and ability to fulfill their respective functions with credit to themselves and advantage to all. In assigning the divers offices, he had but one object in view—the good of the pupil. To that object every other consideration, must be subservient. Subsequent arrangements seem to confirm the determination, for the minutest details were entered into with unequivocal exactness.

The proceedings had not gone very far when Prof. Greene, on behalf of the scholars, rose to say a few words. He had been requested to read an address which was gotten up by his older members of the school. It will be remembered that Mrs. M. Spaight, the late matron, only a short time ago resigned her position to enter matrimonial life. The little ones had not forgotten the extreme kindness of their former friend and they seized upon the earliest opportunity to testify their gratitude and offer good wishes. Here is the address:

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.  
BELLEVILLE, Sept. 19, 1887.  
DEAR MRS. TAYLOR:—It was with much regret that we learned that you had resigned your position in this Institution to get married, and to make us very much. During the time of your being the Matron here, you were always very kind and attentive to us when we were sick, and even when well. We sometimes gave you trouble, but we know that you always did your best to make us comfortable, and kept the house in order. We all hope that the new Matron, Miss Robinson, will be as successful in her position, and as kind to us as you were. We would like very much to have seen you in Toronto on our return to school, but we could not, we can only say that we all sincerely wish you a happy and prosperous journey through life.  
Signed on behalf and request of the scholars: Ada James, Emma Evans, Jennie Conn, P. McIlhenny, Ellen Agnew, Mary E. McCulloch, Alice Francis, Belle Vallance, Edith Steel, Gerlie McPhee, Belle, Cecile Rye.  
MRS. THEO. C. TAYLOR.  
BRACKENRIDGE, Ont.

The sentiments expressed above found a responsive echo in the heart

of every child as the applause elicited amply testified.  
A letter from the Governor General Secretary was also read by Mr. Mathison, thanking the school for the kindly address presented on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and the loyal sentiments therein contained. Shortly after followed the classification of the pupils, which evinced care and knowledge of individual ability on the part of the superintendent. Each grade having been called, both teachers and pupils repaired to their respective classrooms to commence, in dead earnest and full of hope, the work of the session. At no previous time has the Institute opened with more brilliant prospects. The eyes of many will now rest on its operations.

### Catholic School for Deaf Mutes.

(From the Chicago Home.)

How much of the intensity of life, or what we may call the zest of living, hangs upon sound and its association! Imagine a world without sound, the sea voiceless, the universe dumb, no murmur of gentle zephyr nor rush of mighty wind, no cool patter of rain nor burst of awful thunder, no whispering of leaf to leaf in the tree top, no rustle in the soft green grass, no twitter of bird, no chirp of tiny insect, no happy lowing of the peaceful herds. In the city, the inspiring bustle hushed, the passing bell and merry chime untrung, music's grand chords unheard, discord and harmony alike unknown. And more than all the rest, the cries of humanity stifled, man gazing on man with wide sad eyes, speechless, unhearing. Such living seems almost impossible, yet there are many of our kind who do so live shut away from all sweet audible humanities forever—Deaf mutes! But as our Lord while on earth made the deaf hear and opened the lips of the dumb, so His followers, animated by His own charity, give a new tongue to the speechless and a sound to the ears that are closed.

The work of training the deaf-mutes in a Catholic school has been going on in our midst for the past three years. Through the efforts of Rev. Father Mearer, C. S. R., aided by a number of ladies, an organization called the Ephpheta Society, was established in October, 1884, and the following officers elected: Mrs. N. S. Jones, president; Mrs. Thomas Longman and Mrs. John Prindiville, vice-presidents; Mrs. Walter Hay, recording secretary; Mrs. N. F. Cooke, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. J. J. Egan, treasurer. These officers were to be aided in their work by a Board of Directors, made up of ladies from the different city parishes. The object of this society was to teach the Catholic deaf-mutes of this city, and while giving them all the training usual in institutions of this purpose, to hold them at the same time to a knowledge of their religion, of which many were growing up totally ignorant. The first intention of the society was to send its children away to some one of the already existing schools under Catholic management, but this plan entailed many inconveniences. Finally, it was decided to open a day school in this city, which the people could attend from their homes. A building on the corner of May and Twelfth streets was kindly offered by the Jesuit Fathers, and the work placed in the hands of the religious of the Heart of Mary. So the little mission was quietly begun, a handful of children and one teacher. A Sunday class for adults and others at work during the week was soon added. The school fast outgrew its accommodations, and the next year was removed to St. Joseph's Home, on May street, where it still remains awaiting the time when a building suited to its peculiar needs shall arise, a monument of the charity of the faithful toward the suffering members of the Body of Christ. In the meantime the work goes on, the school reopened on the 5th inst., with a membership of fifty pupils, an increase of fifteen since last year. It is supported by the subscriptions of the members of the Ephpheta Society and others, and governed by the Board of Directors, of which some members visit the classes each month, and report upon the progress of the pupils. When we consider the difficulties in their way, this progress is astonishing. A few had already received instruction in other schools, but many come in who are able to express only their most simple wants. By degrees they are taught the manual alphabet, the sign language, to understand the motion of the lips, and finally to read and write. Some of the children are taught to speak by imitation of the lip motions of others, but this mode of instruction is possible only with the very young, whose yet supple muscles can lend themselves to the arduous task. The religious training of the deaf is beset with difficulties because of the almost utter powerlessness of their minds to grasp abstract ideas or the shades of meaning necessary to express dogmatic truth exactly. Of the pupils in the Ephpheta School the greater number are Catholics, though no distinction of creed is made in their reception. This year a course of monthly lectures has been projected, to which all the deaf-mutes of the city, as well as other persons interested in this work, are most cordially invited. Two lectures of the series have already been given by prominent clergymen, and this course will undoubtedly be a means of drawing general attention to the school and its objects.

Nothing can be more interesting or more pathetic than to watch the earnest faces, the breathless attention of these silent ones as their eyes follow each swift motion and graceful gesture

of their teacher interpreting the words of the speaker before them. Their minds seem to reach out eagerly for knowledge. Not less intense is their own expression of thought, when, the lecture ended, eyes, fingers, lips, the whole body leaps into speech of thanks. Such wealth and variety of gesture, such play of expression, such energy of physical utterance would be at once the admiration and despair of any mimic. Gay and lighthearted they appear, full of quibbles and jokes of their own which they heartily enjoy, until one by one they bid farewell in gracious waving, going each to his work, for many of the older ones are good workmen, and the dearest hope of the Society for the ensuing year is the establishment of an industrial department, where each child may be taught his trade and helped to become self-supporting.

This is the work which the Ephpheta Society and school have done and will continue to do. Hitherto it has been the care of a few noble-hearted women, but the earnest desire of those already interested is to extend the knowledge of this worthy charity and bring it home to the sympathies of all. The work is rapidly growing and is dependent for its existence entirely upon the generosity of the Catholic people, who cannot do better than to examine the workings of the Ephpheta Society, either by communicating with the secretary, Mrs. N. F. Cooke, or by attending the lectures given on the first Sunday of each month at the school on May street, where they will have ocular demonstration of its success; or by presenting themselves at the quarterly meeting of the Society, at which its needs and operations are fully explained. Either course will most surely end in strong resolution to do every-thing possible to insure this work being carried on as it has been heretofore with a prudence, zeal and progressive spirit worthy of its results—results apparent here in the material well-being and useful lives of these otherwise blighted creatures, and hereafter winning the rewardful assurance—"In as much as ye have done it unto Me."—Catholic Review.

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[Catholic Deaf-Mute S. S. Association.]

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## This space reserved for the Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee at Boston.

N. B.—The new advertisement and circulars will appear on or before the first week of November. Meanwhile all the deaf New Englanders, at home and abroad, wishing Gallaudet Day in Boston a glorious success, are respectfully requested to send their contributions to Henry M. Fairman (Treasurer of the Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee Fund), No. 6 Avon St., Hartford, Conn., so as to enable the Committee to decide on free or cheap admission. Mr. Fairman will continue to send bulletins to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

### DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

### BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 128 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry K. Fairing, President; Chas. E. Green, First Vice-President; S. B. Smith, Second Vice-President; Alex. De- zendorf, Secretary; J. L. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minahan, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and a social among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. De- zendorf, No. 1208 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. It meets on Wednesdays, at 8 o'clock, at the Y. M. C. A., 222 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. The officers are: President, Thos. P. Finnegan; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank E. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 222 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

### CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. O'Brien; Secretary, E. W. Fries- bee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

### CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the Lecture Hall of St. Michael's Church, on West 32d Street, 9th Avenue, New York. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday, lecturing every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to W. G. Pownall, Corresponding Secretary, 68 Hooper St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

### CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, readings, and other literary exercises. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 142 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members and those interested, from other places, are cordially welcomed. Mr. Alfred Bierlein is President, and Mr. Chas. H. Thomas, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

### CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Fifth Street, above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening except 2d Thursday of each September, last Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. W. Miles is President, and G. Harrison, Secretary, 38 Sloan St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### DE L'EPER CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Rev. J. C. Peet, President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton St., or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine St.

### GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President; Bennington, William Deering, Secretary; Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

### PAS-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, on Second Floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Tullin; Vice-President, Edward Kingdon; Secretary, Matt. Mullin; Treasurer, Joe E. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

### ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingston St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahoney, 2020 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are primarily of a religious nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. E. Gues; Vice-President, W. H. Stinson; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo A. Fronsing; Trustees, W. T. Campbell and Geo. T. Dougherty. Address the Secretary, 1821 Cass Ave.

### THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra service to the local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their cooperation, to encourage the formation of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Friesbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

### THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, of Lowell, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Polson, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Kofo, for Vermont; Henry G. Fairman, for New England, and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

### (DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

### THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street, near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles L. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, 90 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

### THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an international society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; Charles L. Jastram, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and F. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, L. P. Harris, Geo. Pease Trustees.

### THE SICARD CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, in Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P.M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the Deaf-Mute Association, has the same rules, and gives the same advantages. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mr. J. J. McNeill, President, pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

### THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Witcomb, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class in the Guild Room every Wednesday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosie Streets, Troy, N. Y.

### WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on Duquesne Street, every Saturday evening. Every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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